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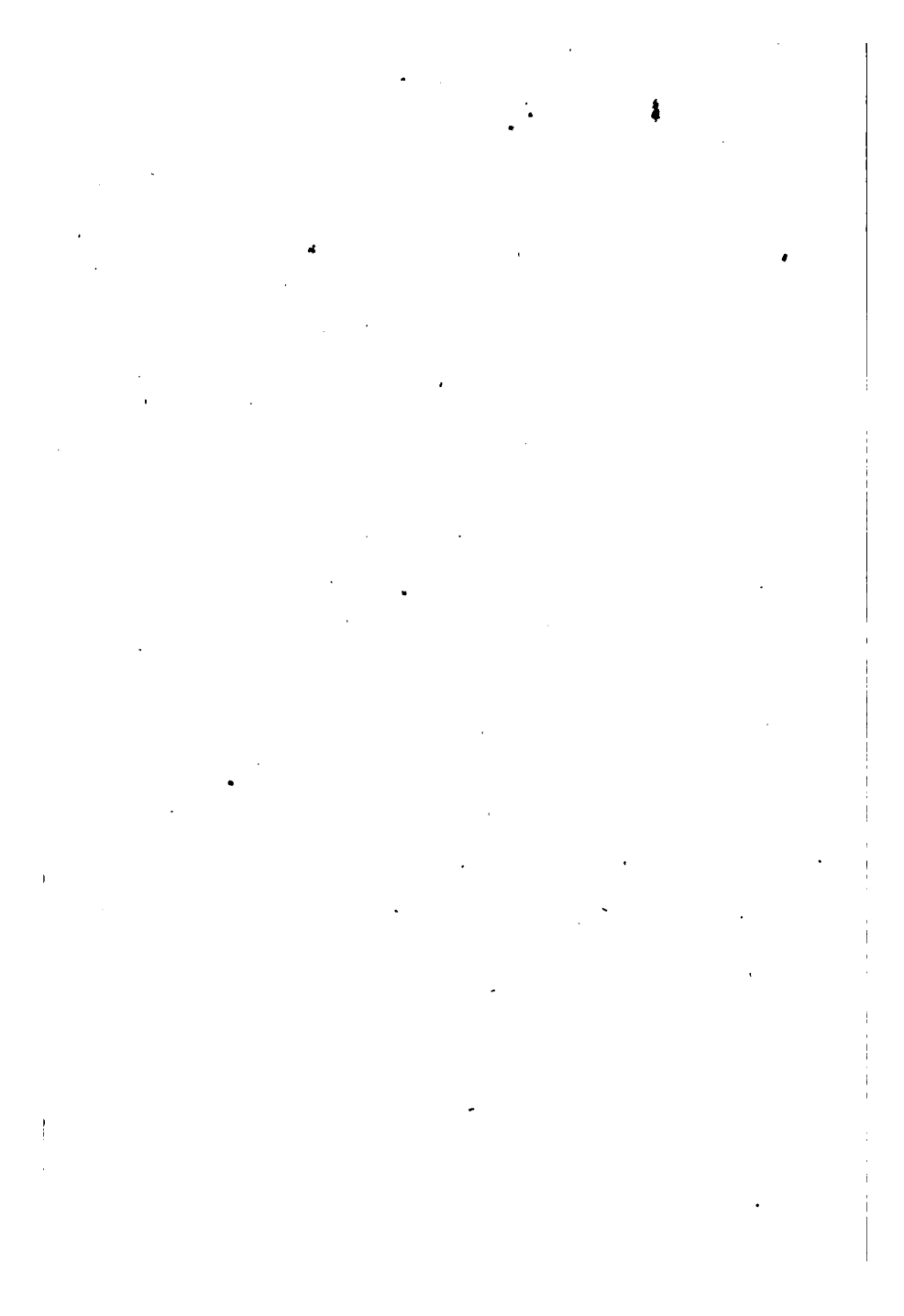
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HELPS AND CHEERING VIEWS

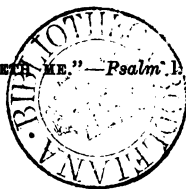
FOR

The Young and Old.

HELPS
AND
CHEERING VIEWS
FOR
The Young and Old.

BY
CAROLINE WHITWHAM.

—
"WHOSO OFFERETH PRAISE GLORIFIETH ME."—*Psalm*. l. 23.
—



LONDON:
WILLIAM MACINTOSH,
24, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1875.

280. n. 8/5.

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Helps and Cheering Views for the Young and Old.

The Christian's Sign-Post.

My friend, while in this vale of tears
You'll need a Heavenly Guide;
One that will soothe, and calm your fears,
When woe shall you betide.

A Sign-Post, God has placed, that you
May never lose your way,
Which you must always keep in view,
Till you see endless day.

This Post which you must keep in view,
Is God's most Holy Word;
Its statements you will find are true,
And do His will record.

'Twas writ by holy men of old,
Whom God Himself inspired;
He bade their hearts and tongues with bold,
And fervent zeal be fired.

Two wills therein are to be found,
 The Old one, and the New ;
 But each containing the same ground
 Of hope, for me, and you.

In the Old, as a type, we see
 Christ in the bleeding lamb,
 The New one, now shows Him to be
 The Saving Great "I Am."

Then hie ye to the Sign-Post,
 Let nothing you decoy,
 Or you will happiness have lost,
 And fiends will you destroy.

Fiends, did I say ? yes ! fiends that wait,
 With cunning arts, to try
 To lure—then drag you to that state
 Where worms will never die.

Sinners—God's Word tells us, shall dwell
 In everlasting fire ;
 His Word is true—this place is hell—
 Then tremble at His ire !

I beg you look at the Old Will,
 At the commencement too ;
 You there will see who has, with skill,
 Created me and you.

Then could this Mighty God prove low,
 And give a wrong account?
 Some act as if they thought it so,
 For study it they don't.

But at the last, not one excuse
 Can by one man be given;
 One record only is in use,
 With God's Name to it given.

If there were two, you might then say
 I knew not which to choose;
 But God who made you, sees your way,
 And would not you so use.

Think you He'd leave you in a state
 Of wretchedness, and doubt?
 Seeking whilst here, to know your fate,
 At last! from Heaven cast out?

No, God is love,—this is his Name—
 Then what He says is true;
 If it were not, 't would blight His fame,
 And He'd lose more than you.

Some may say there are mysteries,
 But what is that to you,
 If to the City of cities,
 Therein you find the clue.—

This precious clue is Jesu's blood,
 You never need be lost,
 Tho' you may see the rising flood,
 Or by the waves be tost.

Then hie ye to the Sign-Post,
 Its words will give you light,
 And tho' before you may seem lost,
 Your path will then seem bright.

But is your heart as hard as stone ?
 And you in your sins dead ?
 O quickly them bemoan ! bemoan !
 For you have much to dread !

The Sign-Post says you must repent,
 Or perish else you must—
 Oh ! now your sins relent ! relent !
 And then in Jesus trust !

The Way, the Truth, the Life, He is,
 And this must be believed
 By all who wish to share the bliss
 Laid up to be received.

See Jesus hanging ! look above !
 See streaming blood for you !
 And can you still keep back your love ?
 O give your heart now, do !

Make no delay, accept His call,
 He'll freely take you in ;
 Go now before His footstool fall,
 Ask to be cleansed from sin.—

Then tho' your sins as scarlet be,
 They shall be white as snow ;
 Go look at the Sign-Post, you'll see
 The Father tells you so.

But as the Saviour died, that you
 Might reign with Him above,
 Surely the least that you can do,
 Is to give love for love !

For you He laid His glory by,
 That you might happy be,
 Whilst here on earth, and when you die,
 Throughout eternity !

Then go to God—in Jesu's Name—
 He'll freely you receive—
 Christ's blood will make you clean, you'll then
 With Him for ever live.

You happy cannot be without,
 And die you surely must ;
 You know I mean the soul—no doubt—
 Not that which turns to dust.

The Sign-Post tho' as you may see—
 Has something else to tell ;
 Your dust must rise at the last day,
 Then enter heaven or hell !

There is another holy Book,—
 The Book of Life I mean—
 And when God shall within it look,
 Your name must there be seen.

Or else within the Holy Land,
 You will not have your lot,
 But you will hear the dread command,
 "Depart, I know you not : "

The Sign-Post then, methinks, will come
 Direct before your view,
 And as you hear your dreadful doom,
 Will pierce you through and through !

The Sign-Post I still urge on you,
 The Sign-Post all along,
 The Sign-Post must be kept in view,
 If vict'ry be your song.

Perhaps, ere now, some music sweet,
 Has fallen on your ear ;
 And tho' sometimes you would forget,
 It would fix itself there.

So let the Sign-Post ring—ring—ring !
 In sounds both loud and clear,
 Till you in endless glory sing,
 The Sign-Post led me here.

If you reach heaven, that happy place,
 You must live much in pray'r ;
 Pray on—pray on—and never cease,
 Urge on, you'll soon be there.

I truly love my Father God,
 Tho' I've His love abused,
 And made Him send His chast'ning rod,
 Which has been gently used.

I dearly love my Jesu God,
 O could I love Him more !
 And spread His praises all abroad,
 Nor e'en pass by one door.

The Holy Spirit, too, I love,
 Sweet peace He brings to me ;
 Comes to me gently as a dove,
 And whispers—I love thee.

Oh ! I will love the Triune God,
 Now and eternally !
 Unworthy as is this poor clod,
 He has remembered me.

And should I not the Sign-Post love ?
 Whereon I saw the News
 Of blessed Jesu's dying love ?
 Yes ! and this gift I'll use.

And should you be a child of God,
 Will you not love it too ?
 There is in it all that you need,
 In joy and sorrow too.

Should dark clouds ever o'er you bend,
 And almost overpow'r,
 You'll need a true and faithful Friend,
 To cheer in that dark hour.

Our Saviour, in His will, bequeaths,
 A gift to cheer our way ;
 The peace which nothing else can give,
 And none can take away.

Thirst you for righteousness ? then go—
 Your Saviour calls to you—
 He stands where Living Waters flow,
 And holds them out to view.

Should persecution follow you,
 This need not make you sad,
 You have your heavenly home in view ;
 Rejoice then, and be glad.

Should fierce disease invade your frame,
 And all your strength have fled,
 The promise claim, in Jesu's Name,
 He will make all your bed.

Should poverty e'er threaten you,
 God will supply your need—
 You'll find if you read the New Will,
 The sparrows He doth feed.

Should Satan darts e'er at you thrust,
 And thus make you afraid,
 The shield of faith you then take must,
 On the Sign-Post 'tis said.

And thus you'll quench his fiery darts,
 It further tells you so—
 And always, the Searcher of hearts,
 Has bid you to Him go.

Should slander tarnish your fair name,
 Your feelings deeply probe,
 Our Saviour suffered just the same,
 When He was on our globe.

Then He with you can sympathize,
 Go, tell Him all you feel;
 He sees your tears—He hears your sighs,
 And present is to heal.

Should earthly honours be your lot,
Then you must watch and pray ;
By Satan you'll not be forgot,
He'll tempt you day by day.

Should sore bereavements rend your heart,
Run to the Sign-Post—see !
He who has borne—still “bears a part”—
Whate'er those sorrows be.

The trials you may have, heed not,
Look forward to the crown ;
The Lord that you might have this lot,
For you His own laid down.

The Sign-Post tells the child of God
To evermore rejoice ;
You may, e'en tho' beneath His rod ;
Obey then now His voice.

And let not sadness shade your brow,
All things will seem so bright,
When you have left these scenes below,
For the sweet realms of light.

There will be tempting things to see,
As you pass on your road,
Which Satan will have put, that he
Might lure you from your God.

But from these resolutely flee,
 Lest Satan gain some power—
 Say, sinful pleasures I'll not see,
 He'll then tempt you no more.

The Post shews forth three Graces vast—
 Faith, Hope, and Charity ;
 But we are told of these, the last
 Is greatest of the three.

You'll need all these while ling'ring here,
 But only love in heaven ;
 O love—sweet love—the name gives cheer,
 Then seek to have it given.

Faith, Hope, and Love, are three sweet gems,
 Which you will have I trust ;
 These shine forth much more brightly far,
 Than those we take from dust.

The faith which works by love will give
 You strength in the dark hour—
 Then wield the mighty shield of faith,
 'Twill Satan overpow'r.

But full of gems the Sign-Post is,
 There's one that must give peace,
 The sweet Pearl of Great Price is this,
 It will all bonds release.

And reader—you may have this boon,
If you in Christ believe ;
The Spirit will to you come down,
And you will it receive.

And may it e'er abide with you,
Till in the blissful Land,
Of which God's Word gives us a view,
You join its happy band.

Then now too much you cannot do,
Go sound God's praise abroad ;
Confess to all, He is the true,
And ever-living God.

All praise to God the Father give,
And God the Son likewise,
And God the Holy Ghost, who seals
His Word, that never dies.



“The Desolate Boy.”

ONE day a little orphan boy,
With sad and tearful eyes,
Was looking at a grave, and said,
’Tis there my mother lies.

O I used her so much to love,
But she has passed away,
And I am left alone to rove,
And miss her every day.

Oh! had I but a mother now,
To love and care for me;
But she will ne’er come back again,
She’s gone with God to be.

I often when I hear the bells,
Can fancy she is nigh,
And think I still can hear her sing
Her soft sweet lullaby.

When I could speak, and say good-night,
She kissed my cheek, and said,
You need not fear, God will be near,
And He will guard your bed.

He saw a woman pass one day,
Who led a little child,
And as she stooped, and spoke to him,
She loving looked, and smiled.

His little heart was moved at once,
He went to her, and said,
I think my mother was like you,
She smiled when me she led.

O! she so loved and cared for me,
Will you love me instead?
I want to call you mother dear,
And then by you be led.

O! could I but hear you say yes,
I should so happy be,
And I would you with love repay,
When I a man shall be.

Poor little boy, his case seemed hard;
No mother's wing was there,
No mother's love to guard, and keep
Him from each luring snare.

A heavenly wing tho' sheltered him,
Tho' then he knew it not,
The wing of the Almighty God ;
He could not be forgot.

His father was a wicked man,
And often beat his child ;
Yet him he always would obey,
For he was very mild.

One day a miner came to him,
And said, Now come with me ;
The little boy then wept, and cried
My father where is he ?

He trembled as he walked along,
And then again, he said
O tell me where my father is,
I fear that he is dead.

The kind man led him to a spot,
Where stood a group of men ;
And then he saw a dreadful sight,
Which made him weep again.

His father there was smeared with blood,
Outstretched upon the ground ;
Some persons when they went to work,
In this state had him found.

He daily went into a mine ;
Some office there he filled ;
But on this day fell down the shaft,
And instantly was killed.

The orphan boy fell on his neck,
And bathed his face with tears,
And cried, My father—father dear ;
But no sound reached his ears.

A person who stood by him said,
Don't weep, he beat you so ;
The orphan boy, with anguish cried,
He was my father tho'.

[WeH would it be, when God in love,
Sends down His chast'ning rod,
If all His children then could say
'Tis from my Father God.]

He very soon was taken home,
And laid upon a bed ;
The orphan now was desolate,
And hid his little head.

But a kind eye was over him,
God's loving tender eye ;
A woman's heart He moved, that she
To comfort him might try.

No one was near to comfort him,
And night was drawing near,
When he some footsteps heard below—
He listened then to hear.

And lifting up his head, he saw
A woman standing near;
He ran into her arms and cried,
Oh! be my mother dear.

This was the woman he had seen
Pass with her little boy—
She kindly said, You know me, then?
Oh! yes, he said with joy.

She wept, and caught him in her arms,
Then said, with words so mild,
I'll be a mother now to you,
And you shall be my child.

She took him then to live with her,
And train him as her child,
And found she loved him very much,
He was so very mild.

In his new home he cheerful was,
But soon was taught to see
That he must love the Lord his God,
If he would happy be.

He soon became an errand boy ;
With earnings pleased was he,
And to his mother ran to place
Them in her lap with glee.

One morning he expressed a wish
To labour in a pit,
But as his health was delicate,
He seemed to be unfit.

His friends then mentioned this to him,
But still he this desired,
For God had touched his heart, and then,
His zeal for souls was fired.

He said he thought God had some work
For him to do down there ;
But wished that He might guide his steps,
And for this offered prayer.

He knew that many wicked men
Were working underground,
Who had not sought the Lord their God,
And thus a Saviour found.

He thither went, and often spoke
Of Jesus Christ, his Friend,
Who died for him, that he might have
A rest, without an end.

A great change soon was in the mine ;
 Instead of dreadful sin,
 The miners met to pray to God
 To make them pure within.

Some prayed, who never had before ;
 And many tears were shed ;
 Yea, many proofs there were, that God
 Had raised to life the dead.

Nor was the work a transient one,
 Such as the early dew ;
 But like the seed-corn in the earth,
 Produced fruits not a few.

How William's heart was gladdened then,
 When God was glorified ;
 When Jesu's precious Name was sung ;
 He who for them had died.

He little sermons preached to them,
 Such as would suit their case,
 Referring to the dangers there,
 And to the dismal place.

My friends, he said, if we'd no light
 How dreadful it would be,
 Left e'en without the faintest hope,
 That light we e'er should see.

But a much darker pit we're in,
The pit of sin, and death ;
And without help, we should be lost,
When we resign our breath.

But God has opened up a shaft,
And rope to draw us out—
The precious news of Jesus Christ ;
We should be lost without.

The time of William's working proved
But as a short-lived day ;
Ere long 'twas manifest, that death
Had marked him for his prey.

For God saw fit to take him home,
Soon to his endless rest ;
He calmly left this vale of tears,
To be for ever blest.

One morning in his little room,
Which had to him been given,
He smiled, and passed, with holy joy,
Away from earth to heaven.

When William to his grave was borne,
Down many a grimy cheek
The tears flowed fast, for him they loved,
He was so kind and meek.

The Love of Jesus.

I SEEK a home where all is love,
 And peace, and joy—
 That home is heaven, far—far above
 Yon azure sky.

There angels bright, arrayed in white,
 For ever dwell ;
 And saints redeemed by Christ the light,
 The story tell.

The story of our Saviour's love,
 A wondrous tale ;
 He left His Father's throne above,
 For this poor vale.

And took upon Himself the state
 Of feeble man,
 To carry out His Father's great
 Redeeming plan.

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The shepherds hastened to the place,
 To see the sight ;
 A Babe—tho' the great God of grace,
 And life, and light !

They worship Him to whom they're led—
 Their Saviour God ;
 And presents give—then gladly spread
 The news abroad.

And God they glorified and praised,
 For what they'd seen,
 That such a Saviour He had raised,
 On whom to lean.

A cruel edict, tho' was passed,
 By King Herod,
 Which caused fond ones to look aghast
 On scenes of blood !

Mothers, who had a child, were told
 It must be killed,
 Were it no more than two years old—
 And 'twas fulfilled.

This was indeed a time of woe—
 How mothers wept !
 For little ones they loved below,
 But now they slept.

Now Jesus grew of wisdom full,
 And of God's grace ;
 And subject to His parent's rule,
 Like all our race.

He grew in favour, both with man,
 And with God too ;
 Whate'er He might, for our good, plan,
 He would pursue.

He sought to do His creatures good,
 And went about
 To heal, and save all those who would
 Cast off all doubt.

Of suff'rings tho' His life was rife,
 And all that we
 Through Him might have eternal life—
 And with Him be.

He is the Life, the Truth, the Way !
 This all must feel—
 That He alone can be their stay,
 And their wounds heal.

His words were here with beauty fraught,
 This all may know :
 The way He on the mountain taught,
 This fully show.

Bless'd are, He said, the pure in heart,
For God they'll see ;
Let us secure in Christ our part,
That this may be.

How blessed are the merciful,
They'll mercy have—
This is indeed a heavenly rule,
Which Jesus gave.

The persecuted, too, are blessed,
For heaven is theirs.
With Him they suffer for, they rest—
Quite free from cares.

Rejoice when men shall ye revile,
And for my sake—
Tho' they may speak with wicked guile,
Yet courage take—

For great will be your heavenly prize,
In yonder home ;
There no revilings—there no sighs—
There no ill come.

**Ye now that hunger here, and thirst
For righteousness,
Ye shall be filled—seek this food first,
And God will bless.**

Bless'd are the meek—this was engaged,
 By Christ our God,
 That earth be theirs by heritage—
 But through His blood.

They who delight in making peace,
 These too are blest—
 Who try to make all warrings cease,—
 Thus bring sweet rest.

God's children, these by Christ are named,
 What term so sweet?
 These, through His blood alone, have gained
 Rest by His seat.

The poor in spirit, too are blest
 With a sweet grace—
 They in their Saviour Jesus rest
 In His own place.

For theirs the heavenly kingdom is,
 Christ further said—
 Thus shewing them the promised bliss,
 He kindly led.

And many mighty works He wrought—
 See the New Will—
 And all His works with love were fraught—
 He loves us still.

His miracles shone forth with rays
 Of sacred light—
 His friend who had been dead four days,
 He raised to life !

And then a dreadful death He died
 Upon the tree—
 Yea, He the Lord was crucified,
 For you and me !

He proved Himself to be the Lord !
 The mighty God !
 The Prince of Peace ! the Life ! the Word !
 Yet shed His blood !

That words of seers might be fulfilled,
 These things were done,
 And when our Saviour Christ was killed,
 He vict'ry won.

The vict'ry over sin and death—
 O glorious words !
 True life, when we resign our breath,
 His death affords.

Thrice blest are they that mourn for sin,
 And pray to God ;
 For they shall comfort have within,
 Through Jesu's blood.

O may our love for Him be deep,
All our life through—
Then lie, and sweetly in Him sleep—
Rise in Him too.

Christ's test of love for Him, we see
In the New Will—
If love ye say ye have for Me,
Then do My Will !



**My Saviour let me always feel
Thee near.**

My Saviour, let me always feel Thee near,
While I shall sojourn in this desert drear.

Near when in sorrow I shall bow to Thee—
Near then—to hear my prayer and comfort me.

Near when in solitude I dwell alone—
Near then—to let me feel Thou art my own.

Near when around me I have much to cheer—
Near then—lest my affections centre here.

Near when by friends beloved I am caressed—
Near then—to let me feel I love Thee best.

Near when I am bereft of friends I love—
Near then—to cheer with thoughts of joys above.

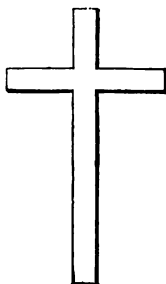
Near when I long from earthly cares to rest—
Near then—to whisper peace into my breast.

Near when I languish on my dying bed—
Near then—to prop with love my drooping head.

Near when I tread the verge of Jordan's stream—
Near then—to cheer me with a heavenly gleam.

With me when to my blissful home I soar,
To be with Thee for ever—evermore.

Then when in yon sweet world I am with Thee,
I'll praise Thy Name through all eternity—
My Saviour dear !



I have a Father there.

A LITTLE village maid one day
Her willow basket took,
And soon was quickly on her way
To one poor Mary Rooke.

A woman poor, who lived hard by,
As poor as poor could be ;
If riches but in earth's wealth lie—
But quite content was she.

Her parents both of them were dead ;
But this poor Mary knew,
That He who little sparrows fed,
Would surely feed her too.

I've brought for you a currant cake,
Her little neighbour said,
Which I asked Jane to-day to make,
When she was making bread—

I think as you are living here,
How hard must be your lot ;
You've very little joy, I fear,
You seem by all forgot.

O thank you much, poor Mary said,
You're very kind indeed,
And as to-day I have no bread,
You've come in time of need.

I never yet have been forgot,
Tho' hard my lot may seem,
God often in this humble cot,
Gives me a cheering beam.

This morning, when I oped my eyes,
I had a little care ;
But felt when I looked to the skies,
I had a Father there.

I rose and fell upon my knees,
And offered up a prayer ;
Then I could say with such sweet ease,
I have a Father there.

And now to me this cake is given,
I see a Father's care,
And feel it sweet to look to heaven—
I have a Father there.

Tho' I may need an earthly friend,
To whom to tell a care ;
Yet One from heaven His ear will lend—
I have a Father there.

Then to myself, I'll often say,
Of discontent beware ;
And look above from earth away—
I have a Father there.

And then on Jesus I rely,
Whose tender love I share,
It is through Him that I can cry—
I have a Father there.

In ev'ry time of need, or woe,
I'll to God's throne repair,
Nor care at all for ills below—
I have a Father there !



God's Skill and Providential Care.

"Who is a God like unto Thee." (Micah vii. 18.)

GREAT GOD ! we own Thou art Divine,
 Thy mighty works prove Thee to be ;
 Yea, all in one grand chorus join,
 To give the praise so due to Thee.

The ocean with its grandeur speaks ;
 As well the smaller works of Thine,
 Yea, in the smallest, he that seeks,
 May see a gracious Hand divine.

The little insect as it flies,
 The gently trickling silv'ry rill ;
 The pebble too, which in it lies,
 These all proclaim Thy wondrous skill.

On ev'ry thing which Thou hast made,
 The impress of Thy Hand we see—
 In hill and valley, sky and glade,
 Something we see that speaks of Thee.

The trees with little warblers there,
That charm us with their varied lays,
The balmy sweet refreshing air :
These all unite to give Thee praise.

The fields too, as with corn they smile,
Show Thy kind care for sinful man.
O Thee we praise ! and own the while
Thy skill and care we cannot scan.



The Field Daisy.

I LOVE thee, little flower—
 Thou tell'st me with thy pretty golden eye,
 So sweetly looking upward to the sky,
 That I should upward soar.

Thou com'st in Winter's hour—
 In thee a guide to sympathy we see ;
 Sent by our God, an emblem thus to be—
 Then welcome little flower.

Thou comest not with show—
 Thou'rt decked with garments beautifully neat,
 Sent from God's Hand with loveliness replete—
 We welcome thee below.

I love thee, little flower—
 For these thy emblems who can but thee love,
 Sweet little flow'ret gift sent from above—
 Welcome, sweet little flower.

Love.

"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another." (John viii. 34.)

SHOULD a poor tempted one e'er fall,
And grievously offend
The God of love, who died for all,
He still will him befriend.

Shall I a sinner saved by grace,
Refuse my love to him ?
I, who since I have seen God's face,
Have kept my light so dim.

No ! I by acting thus should grieve
The God who bids me love ;
Nor without this, could I receive
Forgiveness from above.

May I to others do unto,
In ev'ry deed, and word,
As I wish them to me to do ;
And thus obey my Lord.

Not speak ill of a fallen one,
But try by words of love,
To make him the sad evil shun,
And seek the joys above.

Should I a neighbour's faults descry,
And Satan tempt me sore,
Then I will send a prayer on high,
For pow'r to love Him more.



Go to Jesus.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

READER, art thou heavy laden ?
Languid, weary, sick, and faint ?
Go to Jesus, He will bless you ;
He will hear your sad complaint.

Come, He says, ye heavy laden,
Come, and I will give you rest—
Fear not ! stay not ! He will bless you,
Go and now by Him be blest.

Are your sins a heavy burden ?
An intolerable load ?
Go to Jesus, you will lose it,
Through His ever precious blood.

Are you weeping through bereavement ?
Jesus wept when here below ;
Go to Him, He'll give you comfort,
In your solitude and woe.

Are you making cares a sorrow ?
For these you need take no heed ;
Care not, God says, for the morrow—
He doth little sparrows feed.

Go to Jesus with your burdens,
Go in ev'ry time of need ;
You will find He'll never fail you,
But will be a Friend indeed.

Go to Jesus, He will bless you,
He will guide you on your way ;
He will comfort, save, and cleanse you—
Make you fit for endless day !



My Song shall be of Thee.

My song shall be of Thee, O Lord,
For Thou hast formèd me,
By Thine almighty pow'rful word,
My song shall be of Thee.

In early morn when I awake,
And find that I can see,
And thus a view of nature take,
My song shall be of Thee.

When in the day, with duties here,
My hands shall busy be ;
Yet feel that Thou art to me near,
My song shall be of Thee.

Shouldst Thou see fit to send Thy rod,
And sorely chasten me ;
If Thou but guide my will, my God,
My song shall be of Thee.

Should I lie on a bed of pain,
And great my sufferings be ;
If thou me with Thy grace sustain,
My song shall be of Thee.

Should I of sorrow have to drink,
And comforts seem to flee,
O then when of Thy love I think,
My song shall be of Thee.

When I of friends beloved bereft,
A lonely path shall see,
Yet feel that Thou hast not me left,
My song shall be of Thee.

When Thy past mercies I review,
Thy loving care o'er me,
Then to acknowledge Thou art true,
My song shall be of Thee.

When I look forward to the hour
When I death's stream shall see,
Then trusting in Thy mighty pow'r,
My song shall be of Thee.

When Thou shalt call my soul away,
In endless life to be,
O then through one eternal day,
My song shall be of Thee.

Flee from the Wrath to Come.

"The great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" (Rev. vi. 17.)

JESUS, whene'er I cry to Thee,
That I from sin may be set free,
And that I may from God's wrath flee;
If weak my faith shall seem to be,
I cannot bring my sins to Thee,
Help me to roll them upon Thee.
I know Thou wait'st my all to be,
When I sincerely trust in Thee—
'Tis sweet, my Jesus, thus to see,
That I, through Thee, from wrath may flee.



The Christian's Treasures.

THERE is a Home for those who sigh,
And long to leave these scenes below ;
For all who on the Lord rely,
Where there's no woe.

There is for these a holy rest,
To which they pass with sweet repose,
Calm as the sun sinks in the west,
At ev'ning's close.

There is a Friend that hears our prayer,
When we in sorrow bow the knee ;
One who will kindly for us care—
Our God is He !

There is a Balm for wounded souls,
Which all who seek may surely claim,
And feel in sorrow it consoles—
'Tis Jesu's Name.

There is a Love that never cools,
Tho' other love may wane and die ;
This love is Jesu's, He who rules
In earth and sky.

There is an Arm that wearies not ;
And when our strength shall waste away,
O then we shall not be forgot—
'Twill be our stay.

There is an Eye that will not sleep,
Which watches o'er us night and day ;
And through the midst of dangers deep,
It guards our way.

There is a Hand that will supply
Our need, till we remove above—
Who owns this Arm ! this Hand ! this Eye ?
The God of Love !



“It is I; be not Afraid.”

(*Matt. xiv. 27.*)

METHINKS I hear a still small voice,
Say, “It is I”—
Fear not at all, in Me rejoice,
For I am by.

Tho’ tempests rage, they’re in My hand;
I bid them stay;
They cease at once at My command—
All Me obey.

Tho’ thou be swept with ocean’s tide,
I’ll guide thee through;
And thou shalt on the other side,
Have heaven in view.



The Harbingers of Spring.

STERN Winter with his sable hue
Has nearly passed away,
And soon will seem to say adieu,
While Nature says good-day.

Her face again will be renewed,
And ev'rything look gay ;
And God the Giver of all good
Be seen in ev'ry spray.

The flowers again adorn parterres,
As if to cheer the heart ;
And say to all cast off your cares,
And with your sorrows part.

The daisy with its neat white crest,
And pretty golden eye,
Already is out of its nest,
And looking to the sky.

The snowdrop—tho' it hangs its head—
 Yet still it seems to sing,
 Now look at me, and thus be led
 To think of coming Spring.

An emblem see in this sweet flow'r
 Of hope, which God has given ;
 Were it not so, in sorrow's hour,
 Sad hearts would oft be riven.

To all, hope brings with it a pow'r,
 To which sad hearts may cling ;
 And feel that, like the snowdrop pure,
 It points to coming Spring.

But they whose hearts have been renewed,
 And can God's praises sing,
 Have the sweet hope, through Jesu's blood,
 That points to endless Spring.



“He have done it unto Me.”

*“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these
My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.” (Matt. xxv. 40.)*

SHOULD e'er a child of poverty solicit aid,
Turn not away thy face, with cold unfeeling
look;
But for Christ's sake relieve, you'll be at last
repaid,
If He but say, when you're judged from His
Book,

Ye have done it unto Me.

Should'st thou a neighbour see with pain and sick-
ness worn,
O do some loving act, and speak kind words to
cheer;
And feel that thou hast thus part of His sorrows
borne.
Do this in Christian love, then Jesu's sweet words
hear—

Ye have done it unto Me.

Should a poor wand'ring Israelite thine aid im-
plore,

Oh ! for his Saviour's sake, let him thy kindness
see ;

Then when in Christian love thou'st done all in
thy pow'r,

How sweet the loving Jesu's words will be to thee,
Ye have done it unto Me.

Should e'er a weary stranger come to thee in need,
Let not these words be said, when Jesus thou shalt
see—

I came to thee a stranger, but thou took'st no heed ;
But kindly help—then may the Saviour say to thee,
Ye have done it unto Me.

Perhaps a neighbour may be bound for Jesu's sake,
Go and pour in some words of sympathy and love,
And to him Jesu's love, and words of kindness take ;
Then may these loving words be said to thee above,
Ye have done it unto Me.



The Soaring of the Lark.

SWEET bird ! I love to watch thee soar on high,
So happy rising to the azure sky :
I love to hear thine own sweet carol there,
So rich and clear, so thrilling in the air.

I too would gladly soar from earth away,
But I am kept here, by this cumbrous clay.
'Tis sweet, tho' e'en in thought, to soar with thee,
It fills me with a sort of airy glee.

My heart, too, as it higher rises, sings
• On—soars aloft—with joy, on Faith's swift wings ;
So glad to leave these things so grov'ling here,
To catch a view of scenes beyond so dear.

I soon shall soar away from this mean shell,
And help, on high, the songs of praise to swell,
In yon blest regions of the purest light,
And through an endless day have rich delight.



The Bible.

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." (Ps. cxix. 105.)

Of all the gifts which God has given,
Thou precious Bible art the best—
We find thee a true guide to heaven;
E'en here we taste the promised rest.

In sorrow thou our comfort art—
In danger we to thee can flee—
A balm for wounds thou dost impart—
A boon divine thou prov'st to be.

At night, when at God's Mercy Seat,
We thy most precious leaves uncloset,
We get a pillow, soft and sweet,
On which to rest with calm repose.

When morn returns, thou art our star,
To guide us through the busy day;
Through thee our eye can pierce afar,
And catch a gleam of Jesu's ray.

In solitude thou art our friend—
The object of our song in mirth—
For guidance we on thee depend,
Till we remingle with the earth.

We'll search thy pages with delight,
Sweet converse we will hold with thee;
In darkness thou shalt be our light,
For God hath sent thee thus to be.

O Holy Spirit, be our key,
That we may deeper joys unfold;
May deeper search, until with Thee
We all the promised bliss behold.



I am lost in Wonder.

"I muse on the works of Thine hands." (Ps. cxxiii. 5.)

I'm lost in wonder! Lord, when I
Thy mighty works behold,
Nor can these feeble pow'rs of mine
Thy wondrous skill unfold.

My puny pow'rs are far too small
To fathom e'en the least;
Nor can I, till from this mean shell
My spirit is released.

But what Thou hast Thyself revealed,
With gratitude I see;
Then when in heaven, what's here concealed
Will be revealed to me.



Farewell.

THO' I in solitude may sigh
For absent ones I love so well,
Yet one I still have to me nigh,
One who will never say farewell !—

Him on whom I for all depend,
While on this earthly ball I dwell ;
And He will comfort to me send,
When I in sadness say farewell !

He knows the anguish of my heart,
He sees my heaving bosom swell,
When those I love so much depart,
And bid a fond, a last farewell !

He sees the falling of the tear,
When bells toll out their solemn knell,
Thus tell me those to me so dear,
Have bid a fond, a last farewell !—

And bids me fix my thoughts on heaven,
Where I again shall with them dwell,
Where endless bliss through Christ is given,
And none will ever say farewell !

O home—sweet home ! where I shall sing,
My Father hath done all things well ;
He sent my sorrows me to bring,
Where I shall never say farewell !



The Sinner's Resolve.

"I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee." (Luke xv. 18.)

WHILE my earthly toys I love
I am losing joys above ;
Why am I thus grov'ling here,
When I'm bid my God to fear ?

I am seeking nought but dross—
Things with only outward gloss ;
When I'm offered purest gold—
Joys, too, which can ne'er be told.

Laying treasures by that rust,
Which are only earthly dust ;
Grasping things that soon must die—
Losing endless life on high.

I now serve a cruel foe,
One who'll give me nought but woe,
When I'm offered a true Friend,
One who gives bliss without end.

Why am I thus madly led?
Soon the grave will be my bed;
Oh ! I'll to my Father go,
Lest I sink in endless woe—

I will low before Him bow,
Humbly ask forgiveness now—
Ask that I through Jesu's blood,
May escape the wrath of God.



I love to think of Thee.

"Thou art my hope, O Lord God." (Psalm lxxvi. 5.)

MY GOD, I love to think of Thee,
And of the love Thou bear'st to me ;
It comforts me, and gives me cheer,
While I a pilgrim wander here.

'Tis sweet to feel in sorrow's hour,
That Thou, with thine Almighty power,
Canst make the bitter yield a sweet,
And make me for Thy kingdom meet.

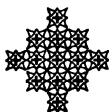
Tho' rough sometimes may be my way,
Yet that it leads to endless day—
To that bright land where all have peace,
And pleasures that will never cease :

That whatsoe'er may me befall,
Yet Thou art planning, guiding all,
That I, with Thee, may soon appear
As king, and priest, and conqueror.

Yet I should often from Thee stray,
And thus should soon be Satan's prey,
Didst Thou not with Thy rod appear,
Thus tell me of the danger near.—

Thy rod to smite, and comfort too,
To make me keep my rest in view—
The rest for all who love Thee here,
And serve Thee with a godly fear.

O keep me ever by Thy side,
That whatsoe'er may me betide,
I still of heaven may be an heir,
And through my Saviour enter there.



The little Penitent's Prayer.

I SAW a group of girls one day,
When walking in a field,
So merrily engaged at play,
But one seemed not to yield—

O I must go—she said to them,
I cannot play to-day;
But I perhaps may come again,
To play another day.

Tho' they were at their play so glad,
She quickly from them sped;
But still was looking very sad,
As if she tears would shed.

She bent her way across a field,
Up to a stack of hay,
And then she went behind, and kneeled,
As if she meant to pray—

She had not seen me standing near,
She was so full of thought,
So that I listened, and could hear
What had her sorrow brought.

She offered up her simple pray'r,
That God would her forgive,
And help her, that she might not dare
His Spirit so to grieve.

Forgive, she said, for Jesus' sake—
Forgive, she said with tears,
And then she seemed to comfort take,
As if she had no fears.

She then arose, and on her face
There beamed a lovely smile,
Her heart seemed to be full of grace,
So free from aught like guile.

I'm glad to find, my little maid,
I said, as I appeared—
That God, of whom you were afraid,
Your humble pray'r has heard.

O ma'am, she said, I could not rest,
To-day when at my play,
Such dreadful anger filled my breast,
And I to it gave away.

But as I've asked God to forgive,
I feel quite happy now,
Whene'er I His good Spirit grieve
I low before Him bow.

But I so often grieve Him tho',
Yet still He hears my prayer ;
I want to feel where'er I go,
His eye is o'er me there.

That's right, my little maid, I said,
Let God's eye be your guard,
Then when from earth your soul has fled,
You'll have a rich reward.



Onward, Christian Pilgrim, go.

ONWARD, Christian pilgrim, go,
 Heed not sorrow here below.
 Christ hath suffered more than you ;
 Borne that which to you was due.

Is your heart with anguish torn ?
 See what Christ your Lord hath borne :
 See Him in the garden—see !
 Oozing drops of blood for thee !

See the loving Saviour God—
 Also yonder pond'rous load—
 Soon they'll fix it deeply down ;
 Thus disjoint His ev'ry bone.

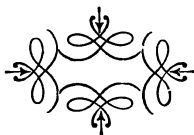
See His bleeding hands and feet—
 Hear the taunts His ears now greet—
 See the thorns with blood so red—
 Thus for you the Saviour bled !

Oh ! what vast unfathomed love !
 Now He intercedes above !
 Let all praise to Him be given,
 Now by all in earth and heaven !

The Violet.

SWEET scented flower, so lowly in the vale
Thou art a lovely emblem blooming there,
Thou tell'st to me a sweet, a holy tale,
As with thy scent thou dost perfume the air.

Thus, I while in this vale would humble be,
And by my life shed forth a sweet perfume—
So act that all a loveliness might see,
And own how sweet is the true Christian's bloom.



Thou art a Boundless Sea of Light !

"In thy light shall we see light." (Psalm xxxvi. 9.)

I LOVE to see Thee, O my God,
 In all Thy works below—
 There's not a spot the earth abroad,
 But does Thy goodness show.

With fruits, for all Thy creatures, Thou
 Dost make the earth to teem ;
 Thus from Thy throne we get below,
 Of Thy own Light a gleam :—

Thou art a boundless sea of light—
 Thy Name I know is Love !—
 O let me have of Thee a sight,
 As Thou art seen above.—

Is this too much for me to hope,
 From Thy all boundless store ?
 My loving God !—O but a drop !—
 I do not ask for more.

In Thy own Light, alone, it is
 That I can see true light ;
 O give me but a drop of this !
 To guide my feet aright.

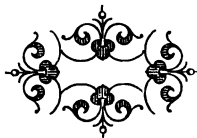
What is Life ?

WHAT is life ? a precious power,
Which God to us has given,
To spend for Him, and be meet for
An endless rest in Heaven.



A Fragment.

MY life is ebbing fast away,
And soon will disappear ;
O may I spend my short lived day
In love and godly fear.



All is Well.

WHEN sorrows as a deluge come,
Yea, wave on wave arise and swell,
How sweet to look upon the foam,
And feel through Christ that all is well !

When darkness o'er my spirit steals,
And I am clogged by this poor shell,
My Saviour then His love reveals,
He whispers peace, and all is well !

When Satan seeks my soul to slay,
With all his cunning arts so fell,
My shield of faith is then my stay,—
When this I wield, then all is well !

Should I be left to mourn alone,
The loss of those I love so well ;
I'll then repair to Jesu's throne,—
I have His love—and all is well !

Should sickness waste this feeble frame,
And death his solemn warning tell ;
Then may I trust in Jesu's Name !
And feel through Him that all is well !

When Jordan's stream appears in view,
If I on Jesu's love then dwell,
'I shall as conqueror pass through,
And enter heaven, where all is well !



God is Good !

"The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord." (Ps. cxviii. 5.)

IN all Thy works, O Lord, I see
Thy guardian care and skill ;
In ev'ry flow'ret, leaf, and tree,
In ev'ry rippling rill.

The feathered songsters in the air
Speak to us with a voice
That clearly tells us Thou art there,
And bids us all rejoice.

The valleys shout Thy praise with fruits,
The hills re-echo too ;
And ev'rything in nature suits
To prove that Thou art true.

And in myself I feel Thee near,
With love and gratitude,
And all Thy gifts unite to cheer,
And tell me Thou art good.



I Love to Dwell on Mercies past.

"I will guide thee with mine eye." (Ps. cxxiii. 8.)

I LOVE to dwell on mercies past,
 When all around is still,
 And feel that God e'en to the last
 His promise will fulfil.

When waves of sorrow rose on high,
 And tears I freely shed,
 Fear not, I'll guide thee with Mine eye,
 My heavenly Father said.

And oft since then amid some ill,
 Sweet peace would prompt the cry,
 My Heavenly Father's with me still,
 He'll guide me with His eye.

When lying on a bed of pain,
 And anguish forced the sigh,
 I heard my Father's voice again—
 I'll guide thee with Mine eye.

When friends I loved had passed away,
And I oft wished them nigh,
I still could hear my Father say
I'll guide thee with Mine eye.

When all around was dark and drear,
No light could I descry,
These words to me were very dear—
I'll guide thee with Mine eye.

And e'en when I was full of glee,
And sorrow seemed to fly,
O then these words were sweet to me—
I'll guide thee with Mine eye.

As time rolls on with rapid strides,
And whispers I must die,
God's voice still says whate'er betides—
I'll guide thee with Mine eye.



The Land of Rest.

*"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."
(Heb. iv. 9.)*

BLEST LAND! where all are free from fears;
No partings there to rend the heart;
No raging storms, no sighs, no tears,
Nought there that will not bliss impart.

No foes, no battles there to fight,
No sickness there to waste the frame:
There sweetest rest,—but not a night!—
And through eternity the same.

O land of everlasting rest!
To thoughts of thee my heart so clings—
Yea, longs to be for ever blest:
O faith how precious are thy wings!

My dear Redeemer! through Thy Name
It is that I am here thus blest;
Through Thy most precious blood I claim
An entrance to the promised rest.



A Morning Hymn.

"Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." (1 Cor. x. 31.)

ACCEPT my thanks, Thou God of good,
For Thy kind care this night,
And for my strength again renewed,
And the sweet morning light.

Help me this day of Thee to think,
And aim Thy will to do ;
And e'en when I shall eat or drink,
Thy glory have in view.

May I in all my duties seek
To act as in Thy sight,
That I of Thee by works may speak ;
Thus aim to walk upright.

Help me to show to all around
That I am Thine indeed ;
In acts of love may I abound,
And seek Thy lambs to feed.



A Holy Song.

ALMIGHTY God !
Through Jesu's blood
 I come to Thee.
Keep me from sin,
That I within
 May holy be.

A song I'll raise
Of grateful praise
 To Thee, my God.
I hear Thy voice,
I will rejoice,
 Tho' 'neath the rod.

Thou chast'nest me
That I with Thee
 May reign above :
Come joy or woe,
Yet still I know
 That Thou art love.

Help me to wield
 The mighty shield
 Of saving faith.
 If weak thou be,
 I'll be with thee,
 The Saviour saith.

Help me to show
 To all below
 That I love Thee ;
 And walk upright ;
 Thus shew the light,
 That all may see.

While low I bend,
 The Spirit send
 To guide my feet—
 That I with Thee
 In heaven may be
 Thy holy seat.

For this I know
 That here below
 All fade away ;
 But that above,
 Where all is love,
 There's no decay.

There's blissful joy
 Without alloy,
 Through endless day.
 There is no night,
 The Lamb's the Light !
 The Truth ! the Way !

There fadeless flowers
 And heavenly bowers
 Delight the eye.
 There fields of green
 Are ever seen—
 For nought will die.

There music sweet
 The ear will greet,
 In sweetest lays ;
 While angels sing
 To God our King
 We give all praise.

There none have care,
 For God is their
 Great All in All—
 They homage pay
 As humbly they
 Before Him fall.

There's no sorrow,
No to-morrow,
 There is no time—
There is no ill,
For all fulfil
 God's will sublime.

Would you reach this
Sweet place of bliss,
 Live much in prayer :
On Christ depend,
God aid will send,
 And you'll get there !



"God is our Refuge."

Tho' waters roar, and mountains shake,
God will our refuge be;
His own, the cause of each He'll make,
Of those who to Him flee.

He speaks with His all-powerful voice,
Then earth and seas obey,
While His own children can rejoice,
And own His powerful sway.

He maketh wars on earth to cease,
The bow in sunder breaks—
To captives bound He gives release,
Their foes their friends He makes.

"Be still, and know that I am God,"
Is His divine command—
All must submit to His just rod,
For nought can stay His hand.

Tines on Bunyan's words, referring to his
feelings when in Bedford jail.

*"My poor child lay nearer to my heart than all beside. Oh!
I thought the thoughts of the hardships my poor blind child
might go under, would break my heart to pieces."*

My dear blind child—my God will guard thee now
That I am fettered here—
O let me press a kiss upon thy brow,
Thou art so dear!

My poor blind child—Oh! had'st thou but thy
sight!
Methinks I'd weep for joy—
May He who said the words, "Let there be light"
Thy heart employ.

Then, my sweet one—tho' thou may'st lack the
sight
Of fair things on our earth,
Yet thou wilt blest be, with a radiant light
At thy new birth.

Yes, darling child—tho' my heart oft is torn
With anxious cares for thee,
Yet when I see what Christ for me hath borne,
Tho' bound—I'm free !

My little one can come and see me, as
Without the prison door
I laces sell, and thus, as people pass,
Their aid implore.

And my blind child shall have a goodly share
Of what I thus may gain—
Then while I pleasure give to her, prepare
To ease my pain.

But, my loved one—I do at God's command
Commit thee to His care,
Who forms, and upholds all things with His hand,
In earth, and air.



"What is man, that Thou art mindful of
him?"

O LORD our Lord, how great art Thou !
How excellent Thy Name !
Before Thee angels lowly bow
While they Thy praise proclaim.

The cherubim, and seraphim
With rev'rence veil their face,
And holy, holy, holy hymn
To Thee the God of grace.

The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
With all their brilliant store ;
We see Thee in Thy works, and Word,
And wonder—and adore !

Then what is man ? Great God, that Thou
Shouldst mindful be of him—
A fallen creature, sunk so low
In wretchedness and sin.

Yet still Thou dost in mercy look,
With kind and watchful eye ;
And blot his sins from off thy book,
If he on Christ rely.

God's Invitation.

"Come unto Me." (Isa. lv. 3.)

COME to your God, poor trembling one,
Fear not, come unto Me,
And through my well beloved Son,
You shall accepted be.

I see your garments all unclean :
His blood will make them white,
And make you fit to dwell within
The Land of purest light.

I see the sins you so lament—
Your inward state I know ;
Which soon would, did you not repent,
Sink you in endless woe.

Come to Me, then, poor trembling one,
Come to Me—you I love—
And you, through my beloved Son,
Shall reign with me above.



Sweet Musings.

*"O that I had wings like a dove ! then would I fly away and
be at rest." (Ps. lv. 6.)*

OH ! had I wings I'd soar on high,
Far from these realms of woe ;
And gladly bid a last good-bye
To all things here below.

I'd join the grand celestial choir,
And help to swell their lays,
With notes from my ne'er untuned lyre,
And words of grateful praise :

I'd clap my rapturous wings with glee,
Then through heaven's arches fly,
And sing all praise, and glory be
To Thee, O God most High !

I'd greet each fond familiar one
With whom on earth I'd been,
And then we'd fly together on,
Amid the glorious scene.

We'd talk of joys and sorrows past,
Tho' joys there might be few,
And then, with great delight, contrast
Our old state with our new.

Our palms of vict'ry we would wave,
And loud our praises sing,
To Him who died our souls to save,
And to such glory bring.

Then cast our crowns before God's throne,
And rev'rently adore
The Great Eternal Triune One !
For ever—evermore !



We did not dream of Love.

"We hanged our harps upon the willows." (Ps. cxxviii. 2.)

How oft in sorrow have we wept,
 And on the willows hung
 Our harps, when we should have them kept,
 And sweetly praises sung.

We mused on ills so kindly sent,
 Through God's unchanging love ;
 But of that love we never dreamt,
 Nor of the joys above.

Our Father saw with what delight,
 We clung to earthly joys,
 But thought not of the land of light,
 And everlasting joys.

He then in mercy sent some ill,
 To make us loose our hold ;
 That we might seek to do His will,
 And rest in Jesu's fold.

Henceforth when sorrow's waves arise,
 May we then think of love ;
 Nor heed the ills below the skies,
 But dwell on joys above :



Sabbath Morning.

SWEET Sabbath morning with its rest,
It brings with it a calm,
So soothing to the Christian's breast,
'Tis as a holy balm.

He holds then sweet communion too
With the Almighty God ;
And has his heavenly rest in view,
Through Jesu's precious blood.

He hails it as a harbinger
Of sweeter joys in heaven ;
And feels it is, as God draws near,
The best of all the seven :

The Sabbath bells with their sweet sound
Seem unto all to call,
Come worship God with awe profound,
And low before Him fall.

He waits in His own house to bless
All who assemble there ;
To hear His Word, their sins confess,
And offer praise and prayer.



Sabbath Evening.

LORD, let my evening sacrifice,
Which now in faith I offer Thee,
To Thee as holy incense rise,
Thee, Three in One, and One in Three.

Grant that the blessings of this day,
To me through Christ so freely given,
May be to me this week a stay,
And cheer me on my way to heaven.

Help me each day to live for Thee—
To seek in love Thy lambs to feed,
That all my Christian light may see,
Thus show that I am Thine indeed.

May each returning Sabbath leave
Me with a calmer, sweeter frame ;
And as I thus Thy help receive,
More boldly glorify Thy Name.



The Child's Choice.

MAMMA, a little child once said,
You say that Christ has died and bled,
That I may live with Him
In a bright world, far—far away,
Where there's no night, but endless day,
And nothing e'er grows dim.

O tell me more of that sweet land,
And of its happy—happy band ;
I long to be up there—
And see its never-fading flowers,
And lovely amaranthine bowers,
Which you say are so fair.

You say the streets are paved with gold,
And those who live there ne'er grow old—
Oh ! what a blissful place ;
But best of all, it seems to me,
Of sights up there, must be to see
Our heavenly Father's face.

But God is holy, just, and pure,
 And nothing there can be impure,
 Then who can enter there ?
 For none is good—I read to-day—
 But all have erred and gone astray—
 Oh ! how shall I prepare ?

It is, my child, a happy land,
 And all who once within it stand
 Will never—never die :
 Our God Himself will be the light,
 And saints will walk with Him in white,
 And tears will dim no eye.

There each a crown of gold will wear,
 And each a palm of vict'ry bear—
 Won through our Saviour Lord.
 Their joys can never here be told ;
 Tho' God a little does unfold
 In His most precious Word.

“ Eye hath not seen, nor hath ear heard,”
 What God hath for His own prepared ;
 Nor can the heart conceive
 The joys which are laid up in store,
 To be enjoyed for evermore,
 By those who Christ receive.

That you may reach this blissful land,
And be one of its happy band,
 You must live much in prayer ;
Ask Jesus Christ to be your Friend,
And help you on Him to depend—
 You'll then get safely there.



Truthfulness.

HELP me to be sincere, O Lord,
Thus send abroad a light ;
Be truthful, both in look and word ;
In actions be upright.

Let no deceit dwell in my heart,
No low dishonour there ;
Oh, ne'er may I act Satan's part,
But of his wiles beware.

May I at all times keep in view,
The presence of Thine eye ;
In word, and look, and act be true ;
Yea, fear to tell a lie !



Christmas Morning.

THE bells are ringing out a merry peal,
 To tell us on this day our Saviour Christ was
 born ;
 To make us free, and all our wounds to heal ;
 O let us happy be on this His natal morn.
 Ring on, ye merry bells,
 On this, Christ's natal morn.

From far and near will happy kindreds meet,
 And sit in joyous converse round the social
 board ;
 And friends with tears of joy, each other greet,
 On this, the natal day of Jesus Christ our Lord.
 Ring on, ye merry bells,
 Thus tell of Christ the Lord.

But may it be our deepest joy, that we
 Our Saviour on His natal day with love may
 greet,
 And if by faith we see Him here, shall see
 Him eye to eye hereafter, on His glorious seat.
 Ring on, ye merry bells,
 While we our Saviour greet.



"God is Love."

*"He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love."
(1 John iv. 4.)*

MYRIADS in the past have owned,
That God His love did prove;
That they, with all His works around,
But proved that God was love.

The little pilgrim band below,
That now as wand'ers rove,
Delight by words and works to show,
That their Great God is love.

To those that will not hear His voice
He sends gifts from above,
And thus is swelled the sound, Rejoice!
The Lord our God is love!

The meanest creatures He has made,
All here that through Him move,
E'en these, 'tis His delight to aid—
Yea, our Great God is love.

All nature in the chorus joins,
Around, below, above,
Yea, all there to be seen are signs
That our Great God is love.

All creatures in the ages past,
All that on earth now rove,
And all as long as time shall last,
Shall have proved God is love.

In heaven the song is ever sung,
With awe, with rev'rence, love ;
All with their harps there ne'er unstrung,
Proclaim that God is love !



The Christian's Hope.

WHAT joy is the Christian's, when at his new birth,
 He has hope of a heavenly rest ;
 When his body shall mingle again with the earth,
 And his soul flee away to be blest.

This soothes him in sorrow, gives ease to his pain,
 For he knows he will soon flee away,
 And with those he here loved, be united again,
 To rejoice through an endless day.

Should tempests arise, they will hasten him home,
 He can calmly now look at a storm,
 For he knows that a Mighty One walks on the foam,
 And he will by Him be upborne.

Should sickness be wasting away his frail frame,
 Then it is but removing the shell ;
 That his spirit may flee through his Saviour's Name,
 To the haven where all will be well.

Should Satan distress, by faith He can stand ;
It will make his home sweeter at last ;
That home, far away, in yon beautiful land,
Where no sorrow His joy will o'ercast.

Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may betide,
Then no matter, it will not be long ;
When he's passed over Jordan, on Canaan's side,
He will sing the sweet conqueror's song.



The Christian near Home.

WHAT is this that o'er me steals?
 Something sweet my spirit feels;
 Some sweet balm, or zephyr given—
 Can it be the air of heaven?
 Oh! 'tis sweet—my frame is filled—
 Shell, now burst—thou soon must yield,
 Sweet—O, sweet—'tis heavenly air—
 Home—sweet home! I'm nearly there.

Angels wait, me to escort,
 To the King of kings' high court—
 O! I go—I gladly go
 From this vale of sin and woe,
 In my robes divinely fair—
 These through Christ I there shall wear:
 Hark! there's music borne on air—
 Home—sweet home! I'm nearly there!

Jesu's voice now bids me come,
To my new, my heavenly home ;
Burst thou earthly vessel now !
Let my flutt'ring spirit go :
See ! she longs to take her wing,—
Death with her hath lost its sting !
Burst ! now shell, and set her free—
Free through all eternity !



Song of the Night Season.

WHEN in the dark and silent night,
I lift my heart to Thee,
'Tis sweet to feel, Thou God of light,
That Thou art watching me.

That angels, too, are nigh at hand,
For Thou bidd'st them be near,
To guard Thy little pilgrim band
While they are wand'ers here.

Tho' dangers thick around me lie,
And ills disturb my rest,
Yet watched by Thine Omniscient Eye!
I am securely blest.

O when my night of death shall come,
May I on high be borne;
Prepared then for my heavenly home,
And resurrection morn.



“Thine eyes shall see the King in His
beauty.”

(Isa. xxxiii. 17.)

SEE the King in His beauty! how oft has the thought
Removed some deep sorrow, and happiness brought—
See the King in His beauty!—with brightness divine,
All glorious with light, can such joy e’er be mine?

Shall I bask in the beams of His radiant light?
Myself decked with garments, by Jesus made white?
See the King in His beauty!—but can it so be?—
My Saviour says, Yes—only trust ye in Me.

Shall I stand by His throne, with my palm in my hand,
As one of the happy victorious band?
See the King in His beauty!—a victor too be?
My Saviour says, Yes! ye shall conquer through Me.

Shall I join in the chorus of yon happy band,
With a crown on my head, and a harp in my hand?
See the King in His beauty!—have such joy as this!
My Saviour says, Yes, ye shall have endless bliss.

Arrayed in bright light, seated on His white throne ;
While angels and archangels lowly bow down ;
See the King in His beauty !—but can it so be
That such joy is ever intended for me ?

See the King in His beauty—and the heavenly hosts ?
Yes, says a sweet whisper from the Holy Ghost !
See the King in His beauty !—yes Him I shall see,
So I go on my pilgrimage, happy, and free.



“ I will praise the Lord with my
whole heart.”

(*Ps. cxi. 1.*)

THY loving kindness, Lord demands
My love and grateful praise ;
In all my ways I see Thy hands
In bright and cheering rays,

Thy Providence provides for me
Each morn as it appears ;
Around, without, within, I see
Something from Thee that cheers.

Throughout the day Thy mercies fall
In showers of love and care ;
And thus I always hear the call,
The God of love is there.

Thy word to me a fortress is,
To which I gladly flee
In every time of my distress,
And then rejoice in Thee.

At night when I retire to rest,
From fears then I am free ;
Secure, if I by Thee be blest ;
Then wake or sleep in Thee.



Melancthon, and his Little Pet.

MELANCTHON, with his noble mind,
Showed forth true charity ;
And with his mental gifts, combined
Such sweet humility.

And with his perfect manliness,
A tender spirit too ;
Tho' some shrink from this to possess,
Whose mental powers are few.

One day when in his study sat,
He wept, for he had fears ;
His child her little apron fetched,
And wiped away his tears.

This touched his loving tender heart,
And ne'er could he forget
The feeling, loving, tender part,
Of this his little pet.

Her little mind expanded fast,
And this she oft would show ;
Melancthon, if she questions asked,
Said, " Read, and you will know."

He asked thus, that she might not
To others trust for lore ;
And thus her own powers be forgot,
While seeking a rich store.

His piety we must admire ;
He loved the Lord his God ;
His heart was lit with living fire,
While here on earth he trod.

Melancthon, I can ne'er forget,
Nor could I when a child ;
For I read of his little pet,
And of his spirit mild.



“In the day of my trouble I will call upon
Thee: for Thou wilt answer me.”

(*Ps. lxxvi. 7.*)

SHOULD’ST Thou, O gracious God, whose ways are
in the deep—

Remove those whom I love;
Thy will be done, O let me say, and by Thee keep.

Should I in earth’s thick maze, become entangled
far—

O let me hear Thy voice,
And lead me safely through with Thy sweet guiding
star.

Should pain and weariness afflict this feeble frame—

O do Thou make my bed;
And Jesu, let me hear Thee whisper Thy sweet Name.

Should Satan nearly overpower — lest I should
yield—

Oh! send me strength’ning grace,
That I may as a Christian soldier, stand the field.

Should poverty, with hunger, ever be my lot—
“Fear not,” Thou oft hast said;
This is enough for me—I know Thou changest not.

Should dark clouds hover o’er, with aspects
threat’ning ill—
Then bid me trust in Thee;
And may I hear Thy sweet voice saying—Peace, be
still.

In my last hour, when earth is fading from my
view—
And I’m in Jordan’s stream;
Oh! be Thou there to cheer and guide me safely
through.



“ I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy
to be praised.”

(*Psalm xviii. 3.*)

SHOULD years of comfort be vouchsafed me, my
kind God—

Let me not Thee forget ;
But grateful be, beneath Thy smile and cheering
nod.

Should riches be a talent, Thou may'st give to me—

May I the poor relieve ;
And feel, when doing this, I do it unto Thee.

Should I by kind and loving friends surrounded
be—

All hearts are in Thine hand,
Then may I feel that I receive them all from Thee.

Should I e'er here ascend the hill of worldly fame—

May I then humbled be,
Shouldst Thou not have upon me written Thy New
Name.

Should I a wreath of honour wear, while here I
rove—

O may I count it nought,
If I have not true honour coming from above.

Should I by every earthly joy surrounded be—

Oh ! may I look on high,
And guard each spring of thought, that it may flow
to Thee.

Should I ten talents have committed to my care—

O may I them improve,
And thus, to render Thee a good account prepare.



My Captain is He.

"It became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings." (Heb. ii. 10.)

PERFECT through suffering!—suffer for me?

A Captain divine,

His glory resign—

Yea! my Captain is He.

PERFECT through suffering!—suffer for me?

An atom so small,

E'en nothing at all—

Yea! my Captain is He.

PERFECT through suffering!—suffer for me?

A creature so low—

So grov'ling below—

Yea! my Captain is He.

PERFECT through suffering!—suffer for me?

So burthened within

With guilt, and with sin!—

Yea! my Captain is He.

PERFECT through suffering!—suffer for me?

To take off my load

And bring me to God,—

Yea! my Captain is He.

Perfect through suffering !—suffer for me ?

E'en hang on the tree,

And blood shed for me ?

Yea ! my Captain is He.

Perfect through suffering !—suffer for me ?

A death too so vile !—

Yet, God all the while !—

Yea ! my Captain is He.

Perfect through suffering !—suffer for me ?

That I with the blest,

In glory may rest.

Yea ! my Captain is He.

Perfect through suffering !—suffer for me ?

A crown for me bought !—

Oh ! marvellous thought—

Yea ! my Captain is He.

Perfect through suffering !—suffer for me ?

My Saviour !—did He

Thus suffer for me ?

And thus make me free,

In glory to be,

No ill there to see,

But happy to be,

Through eternity !—

Yea ! my Captain is He.

Jacob Wrestling.

"Thy name shall no more be called Jacob, but Israel, for as a prince hast thou power with God, and with men, and hast prevailed." (Gen. xxxii. 28.)

WHEN Jacob's conscience smote him sore,
As he was on his homeward path ;
He sent his little band before,
To try to soften Esau's wrath.

The night was dark, but this was nought ;
For inward light, had Jacob striven ;
And now alone, it must be sought ;
Nor could he rest till it was given.

An Angel now to him appears,
And wrestles with him in the way ;
Then Jacob filled with cares and fears,
E'en wrestles till the break of day.

The Angel now touched Jacob's thigh ;
He wrestles on though he is lame ;
He knows a Mighty One is by,
And cries, O tell me now Thy name.

What matters pain—he still will stay—
And cries, I will not let Thee go ;
O no ; Thou shalt not go away,
Till Thou Thy blessing dost bestow.

He has prevailed ! the blessing 's given !
Henceforth shall Israel be his name ;
And God, to him, has opened heaven ;
He all His promised aid can claim.

Thus should the Christian when in woe,
Go to his God with his complaint ;
Pray till His blessing He bestow ;
Pray on—pray on—and never faint.



Sacred Musings.

Can it be—

Am I indeed an heir of endless bliss—
 I a mere worm !— whose life is but a span—
 Yea, e'en an atom taken from the dust—
 And by decree of the Eternal One,
 Am destined to it, quickly to return.

* * * * *

Whose sins against the God of Justice
 Are without number !
 And deeper than an ocean's bosom, far—
 And like its waves, in quick succession roll !

It is even so !—Himself, hath said it—
 Who is the God of vast infinitude !
 And whose word for ever standeth sure.

In my lost estate ! One—Himself divine !
 The Prince of Peace !—the Counsellor !
 Came forward as a substitute for me—
 E'en offered Himself as a sacrifice !—
 That thus, the just vengeance of eternal
 Justice might be satisfied.

Then when the day of reckoning shall come,
I shall not fear to enter then the scale—
Tho' I in weight, or value, stand for nought—
Yet, with Him by whom I have been ransomed !
I enter fearlessly—the scale then falls—
I am not wanting found !
Justice is satisfied !



“Thee I would know, my Lord.”

“Whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning, that we, through patience, and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope.”

THEE I would know, my Lord,
And seek Thy will to do ;
For this I'll search Thy Word ;
Yea, gladly search it through.

Would closely walk with Thee,
As Enoch did of old ;
With true simplicity,
Till I Thy face behold.

Think of Thee when I walk—
In nature see Thy rays—
Of Thy sweet love would talk—
Serve Thee in all my ways.

Would sinners point to Thee
That they may evil shun—
Show forth true charity,
Till I my race have run.

Would evermore rejoice,
For all my blessings given ;
For having heard Thy voice,
And for my hope of heaven.

Thus show to all around,
By every act and word,
That truest joys abound
For those who love the Lord.

True happiness while here,
For God will be their Friend ;
And then with Him appear,
Where joy will never end.



Oh! yes, I know that it is so.

*"All things work together for good to them that love God."
(Rom. viii. 28.)*

GREAT GOD, accept my gratitude,
For comfort from Thy holy Word—
All things together work for good
To them that love and serve the Lord.

These words have oft been as a feast,
When weary on my journey here,
They whispered peace into my breast,
And God I felt was very near.

When cares came rushing as a flood,
The "all" was then to me so sweet!—
All things are working for thy good,
Give thanks to God, for this is meet.

When I have seen some threat'ning ills,
Or trials thick have me pursued,
Peace said, 'tis as thy Father wills,
All things are working for thy good.

When tossing to and fro with pain,
My powers to bear have been renewed,
When I have heard these words again,
All things are working for thy good.

When sad bereavements forced the tears,
And I so felt my solitude,
These words were sweet then to my ears,
All things are working for thy good.

When disappointments vexed me sore,
And all my hopes as shadows proved,
These words came sweetly as before,
All things are working for thy good.

O yes! I know that it is so,
For this I oft have sweetly proved ;
My pain and sickness, joy and woe,
Have worked together for my good.



To my Little Bird.

MY sweet little songster, I love you so much ;
Come perch on my finger, with nice little touch ;
And sing me a song too, in your pretty way ;
So thrilling and tender, so sweet, and yet gay.

My dear little Dickie, I oft by you stand,
Admiring the work of my Father's kind hand—
Your beak is so useful—your plumage so neat ;
Not gay—but to me 'tis with beauty replete.

And so nicely you peck the crumbs from my hand,
Each morn when I feed you, as I by you stand :
And your little ways say, I'm so happy here,
For God, when He made me, knew what would
me cheer.

My sweet little songster, now carol a lay,
And thus sing God's praises, in your pretty way.



Cruelty.

My child, hurt not that little thing ;
From cruelty refrain ;
Nor to the meanest insect, bring
A needless pang of pain.

Stay, stay thy hand, and let it play ;
For freedom it has striven ;
Why should you take from it away,
The life which God has given ?

The little insect of a day,
When hurt, from pain will writhe ;
Ne'er hurt it then, but let it play ;
God meant it to be blithe.

You suffer much when you have pain ;
Tho' friends are kind to you,
And try to make you well again ;
Should you not be kind too ?

Then seek to have a tender heart,
And feel for all in pain ;
And think, whene'er you feel a smart,
I'll never hurt again.



“Help me to trust in Thee.”

SHOULD sin, with its envenomed sting,
My heavy heart with anguish wring ;
There is a Friend to whom to cling—
Jesus, whose blood was shed for me,
Help me to trust in Thee !

Should Satan nearly overpower,
When trying my soul to devour ;
O then, in that most dreadful hour—
Jesus, whose blood was shed for me,
Help me to trust in Thee !

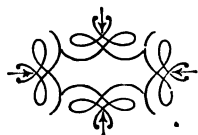
Should waves of sorrow round me roll,
And nearly drown my sinking soul ;
My Saviour can the waves control—
Jesus, whose blood was shed for me,
Help me to trust in Thee !

Should I e'er fear an angry God,
And dread the smiting of His rod,
Not having in His footsteps trod—
Jesus, whose blood was shed for me,
Help me to trust in Thee !

When earthly comforts seem to flee,
And I no earthly friend can see ;
For comfort then my cry shall be—
Jesus, whose blood was shed for me,
Help me to trust in Thee !

Should pain and sickness lay me low,
My God, all needful grace bestow ;
And while I suffer here below—
Jesus, whose blood was shed for me,
Help me to trust in Thee !

When I shall see death very near,
To bid me before God appear ;
Oh ! in that solemn moment here—
Jesus, whose blood was shed for me,
Help me to trust in Thee !



⦿ listen to my Prayer.

MY GOD, whene'er I here am bowed
By bearing sin's most dreadful load,
Help me to trust in Jesu's blood—

O listen to my prayer !

When all around is bright and fair,
Should Satan with his arts be there,
Help me to shun each glitt'ring snare—

O listen to my prayer !

Amid the ills and cares of time,
Help me my own will to resign,
And sink into Thy will sublime—

O listen to my prayer !

When I am laid by sickness low,
Or tossed about with fevered brow,
Then Thy sustaining grace bestow—

O listen to my prayer !

O let me always feel Thee near
While I, a pilgrim, wander here,
That I may fit be to appear

Before Thee, O my God !



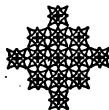
To a Suffering Christian.

WEEP not, O suffering child of God,
Look forward to your rest ;
Heed not the trials of your road,
You'll soon be with the blest.

You soon in yon bright heavenly land,
Will have a mansion there ;
Prepared by an immortal Hand,
Mid scenes divinely fair.

No sore affliction, toil, or care,
Shall ever shade your brow ;
Your spring of happiness will there
Through endless ages flow.

A few more storms, and you will be
Far, far, from every pain ;
With those you long so much to see,
And never part again.



“*She hath done what she could.*”

(*Mark xiv. 8.*)

O *STAY!* have pity on a poor blind man ;
 And when your sympathy is moved for me,
 O render help, and thus do what you can ;
 Then hear, by faith, my Saviour's words to thee—
 She hath done what she could.

I would not, yet I often grieve, that I
 The sight of beauteous things am here denied—
 O render help, then hear, by faith, the cry
 Of Him, who shed His blood for me, and died—
 She hath done what she could.

Altho' I grieve, yet still I murmur not ;
 My God, for me, hath chosen His own way ;
 And I shall never by Him be forgot ;
 Then if, for His sake, you help me, He'll say—
 She hath done what she could.

Oh ! could I see that beauteous orb of light,
 Which gives that which I often hear called day—
 But of that I shall ne'er here have a sight ;
 Then comfort me, and hear my Saviour say—
 She hath done what she could.

The flowers, I hear, have beauteous hues to cheer,
And yet of these my mind can form no thought;
For I can picture nought of what is here—
Then hear these words, if you for Christ do aught—
She hath done what she could.

But He leaves not His child without some joy ;
He tells me of the home prepared for me,
Where I shall have my sight, and endless joy—
Then, may I know that He hath said of thee—
She hath done what she could.



Look on High.

O TALK not of the joys below,
 Without the joys on high ;
 Earth's fleeting pleasures are but show—
 Seek those beyond the sky.

From thence a spring of purest joy
 Is constant in its flow ;
 Nor can aught e'er its power destroy,
 To cheer hearts filled with woe.

In every time of sore distress,
 We may to it apply ;
 And find it strengthen, cheer, and bless—
 Let us then look on high.



I will, my God, rejoice.

"Rejoice evermore." (1 Thess. v. 16.)

MY God, through Thy most Holy Word,
I hear Thee say rejoice—
I can through Jesus Christ my Lord!—
I will, my God, rejoice.

E'er since I was a little one,
I've heard Thy loving voice,
Thee I can praise, Great Triune One!—
I will, my God, rejoice.

Thou gav'st my infant mind the power
To hear Thy loving voice ;
And hast preserved me to this hour—
I will, my God, rejoice.

I soon in life, my Saviour sought,
When thus I heard Thy voice ;
The Spirit then His witness brought—
I will, my God, rejoice.

My cup with happiness is filled ;
 I sweetly hear Thy voice ;
 For my fierce passions Thou hast stilled—
 I will, my God, rejoice.

My food and raiment, Thou dost give ;
 I daily hear Thy voice ;
 Then while I here on earth shall live—
 I will, my God, rejoice.

At night when I retire to rest,
 I hear Thy loving voice,
 And lean on my Redeemer's breast—
 I will, my God, rejoice.

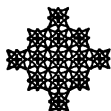
Should I of sorrow have to drink,
 I'll trust Thy loving voice ;
 And of Thy lovingkindness think—
 I will, my God, rejoice.

Should pain and weakness lay me low,
 Then I shall hear Thy voice ;
 Thou wilt all needful strength bestow—
 I will, my God, rejoice.

Thou art too wise, my God, to err ;
 I sweetly trust Thy voice ;
 Thee more than all else I prefer—
 I will, my God, rejoice.

My God, I thank Thee for Thy Word,
Which bids my heart rejoice;
And for my precious Saviour Lord!—
Through Whom I do rejoice.

When I in heaven shall take my place,
And hear Thy loving voice,
Then I shall see Thee face to face!—
And evermore rejoice!



I'm a Christian Pilgrim.

I'm a Christian Pilgrim,
On my journey home ;
My home in New Jerusalem,
Where sorrows never come.

I'm a Christian Pilgrim,
Washed in Jesu's blood ;
Ne'er may my Christian light be dim,
But shine upon the road.

I'm a Christian Pilgrim,
Happy here below ;
For Christ is mine, and I with Him,
Can face the fiercest foe.

I'm a Christian Pilgrim,
Singing on my way—
I love my God, and I with Him,
Shall spend an endless day.

I'm a Christian Pilgrim,
With my staff in hand,
I onward go, and trust in Him,
Who guides His pilgrim band.

I'm a Christian Pilgrim,
Happy shall I be,
When I in heaven shall be with Him,
Whose blood was shed for me.



"Hither by Thy help I am come."

My Ebenezer, Lord, I raise,
For hither by Thy help I'm come ;
Accept my song of grateful praise,
For hope of my eternal Home.

How often have my foes recoiled,
When with Thy Spirit's aid I've fought ;
Their every effort has been foiled ;
Yea, all their power has proved as nought.

How often have my spirits sunk,
When urging on my heavenly way ;
Again I of Thy love have drunk ;
My Jesu's blood has been my stay.

How often in temptations' hour,
When Satan's darts were thickly hurled,
Hast Thou displayed Thy saving power ;
Thy banner with Christ's Name unfurled.

How often have I grieved and sighed,
That my poor love to Thee was cold ;
Again Thou'st shown me Jesu's side,
Then I by faith have kept my hold.

How often when dark clouds have lowered,
And seemed to threaten coming ill,
Hast Thou Thy Spirit on me poured,
My fears were hushed, and all was still.

Then I my Ebenezer raise,
For hither by Thy help I'm come ;
To Thee I'll render ceaseless praise,
Here, and in my eternal home.



A Song of Praise.

O LET my heart, my God, be filled
With love and gratitude,
And I will render ceaseless praise,
To Thee the Fount of Good.

To Thee my loving Father God,
And Thee my Jesu Lord,
And to the Holy Spirit God,
Who seals the precious Word.

To Thee Eternal Triune God,
One God in Persons three,
I'll render praise while I have breath,
And through eternity !



My Evening Song.

*"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep : for Thou, Lord,
only makest me dwell in safety." (Psalm iv. 8.)*

'Tis sweet when I lie down to rest,
To feel that I can cast my care
On Him, by Whom I've oft been blest,
And Who has heard my evening prayer.

To know that while I helpless lie,
My Heavenly Father will be near,
To guard and watch me with His eye,
So that I have no cause for fear.

To feel that I can lay my head
Upon my loving Saviour's breast ;
And should the grave soon be my bed,
I shall with Him for ever rest.



Have ready your Light.

"The kingdom of heaven shall be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish." (Matt. xxv. 1, 2.)

READER—What of the night?
Are you ready with light,
To go forth at the cry,
The Bridegroom is nigh?

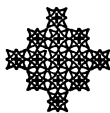
Keep your lamp well in trim,
Lest it e'er should get dim—
If you let it go out,
You're lost without doubt.

Have you ready your dress
Of Christ's righteousness?
So that you at the Feast
Be welcomed as guest!

Know, if you enter there,
You must while here prepare—
Oh! should you be too late,
How dreadful your fate!

To be doomed, then, to go
Into misery and woe—
Where nought can you sever
From woe for ever.

Reader—What of the night?
I say, What of the night?
Fast approaching is night—
Have ready your light.



Christian Pilgrims.

REJOICE, O rejoice, all ye pilgrims that roam,
For God is our Father, and heaven our home,—
Altho' the Great God to whom all must bow down,
He bids those who love Him to call Him their own.

He knows all the sorrows we have here below,
And lovingly pities His creatures in woe;
He scorns not to listen to any mean case,
Brought to Him by one of our poor sinful race.

Altho' He looks down with pitying eye,
His justice declares without Christ we shall die;
His vengeance is just, we have chosen our way,
We've death set before us, and bright endless day.

His Word is our Guide, and His Spirit our Sun,
We've all that we need till our race we have run;
Then if after all we His love should refuse,
When judged from His Book we shall have no excuse.



A Song of Thanksgiving.

"I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving." (Ps. cxi. 17.)

WITH grateful heart I'll sing Thy praise,
 Thou Great Creator of my frame ;
 Yea, through my few revolving days,
 I will Thy boundless love proclaim.

How manifold the mercies, Lord,
 Which Thou vouchsafest day by day ;
 Each needful one Thou dost afford,
 To guide and cheer me on my way.

Each day these have been sent from Thee,
 Since Thou did'st into being, call
 This feeble, poor, unworthy me,
 To live for Him, Who died for all.

Thou should'st be praised as Thou should'st be,
 But here my feeble powers must fail,—
 I'll call forth all Thou giv'st to me,
 And Thee as Sovereign Lord will hail.

Thou know'st the gratitude I feel,
Which with my powers I cannot tell,
But when I'm lost in Thine own rays,
I then shall have full power to praise.

I'll praise to Thee the Father give,
And praise to Jesu God the Son,
And praise to God the Holy Ghost,
The One in Three, the Three in One.



Trust in God.

"Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help." (Ps. cxxvi. 3.)

ON any arm I will not trust,
Almighty God, but Thine ;
No other arm is aught but dust,
No other help divine.

No help is in an earthly worm,
A creature made by Thee ;
Whose breath when Thou bidd'st it return,
To Thee it then must flee.

Frail man is but a thing of nought ;
His time but as a day ;
Yea, to its end so quickly brought,
'Tis but a transient ray.



"Now and pay unto the Lord your God."

(Psalm lxxvi. 11.)

O God, most merciful and true !
Behold me knelt before Thy throne,
To Thee my vows I now renew,
To live for Thee—and Thee alone.

To Thee I dedicate each power ;
My all I consecrate to Thee—
Let me be Thine till life's last hour,
Yea, Thine through all eternity !

Ashamed ! I own, Almighty God,
That cold my love and zeal have been—
Had it not been for Jesu's love,
I ne'er could Thee with joy have seen.

Through Him alone I dare draw nigh,
No other help I need or crave,
Through Him I Abba, Father, cry,
In Him I full salvation have !



“Blessed are the pure in heart, for
they shall see God.”

(Matt. v. 8.)

THE pure in heart shall see their God,
I hear my Saviour say—
Yes! see Him through the earth abroad;
Him all His works display.

In every blade of grass, His Hand
Is sweetly seen to be;
But when in heaven, our home, we stand,
We then His face shall see.

Shall see Him then in His own light!
Magnificent display!
Oh! we could never bear the sight,
Till lost in endless day!



Great Shepherd ! take me to Thy fold.

GREAT God, let from my heart arise
 A holy flame,
 And then accept my sacrifice,
 Through Jesu's Name ;
 All—all I have, or do, or am,
 I offer Thee—
 And trust in the Atoning Lamb,
 Who died for me.

Lest woe—sad woe—should me betide,
 Use Thy kind crook—
 The foe is near on ev'ry side,
 With cunning look ;
 With art he lays his glitt'ring snare—
 No ill will shun—
 Oh ! keep with Thy all tender care
 Thy feeble one.

Long have I wandered from Thy fold,
 A helpless sheep—
 Great Shepherd ! take me to Thy hold
 And closely keep ;
 Without Thee ! I am lost ! undone !
 Woes ne'er will cease !
 With Thee ! Thou ever-radiant Sun !
 Is endless peace !



A Precious Promise.

"As thy days so shall thy strength be." (Deut. xxx. 25.)

My gracious God, shouldst Thou in love
Send down Thy chast'nings from above,
Oh ! let me calmly trust in Thee,
Then "as my day my strength shall be."

Should Satan fiercely me assail ;
Lest by his power he should prevail,
Oh ! help my eye of faith to see
That "as my day my strength shall be."

When lonely in my house I sit,
Oh ! let my heart to Thee be knit,
And claim the promise sent from Thee,
That "as my day my strength shall be."

Should sorrow's waves around me lie,
Sent from Thy Hand my faith to try,
Amid the darkness let me see,
That "as my day my strength shall be."

'Mid all the changing scenes of time,
Oh ! blend my will with Thine sublime ;
Submissive !—may I sweetly see,
That "as my day my strength shall be."



“Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh
away the sin of the world.”

(*John. i. 29.*)

BEHOLD the Lamb of God, ye poor
And wretched sinners all ;
Who from your birth inherit death,
Through Adam's sinful fall.

Behold the Lamb of God—who left
His Father's throne above,
To save you from eternal death ;
He is the God of love.

Behold the Lamb of God—ye who
Bewail your sinful state,
And long from Satan to be free,
Whose luring power is great.

Behold the Lamb of God—as He
Is hanging on the tree,
And see the precious blood, which flows
So freely down for thee.

Behold the Lamb of God—with eye
Of faith, and trusting love ;
The Spirit's Seal will then be given,
The witness from above.

Behold the Lamb of God—O all
 Ye sons of Abraham, now ;
 Altho' you crowned His head with thorns,
 His love for you doth glow.

Behold the Lamb of God—ye who
 In sinful pleasures live ;
 Reject His love, and a just God
 Will then sin's wages give.

Behold the Lamb of God—thou stiff,
 And faithless sceptic, now !
 For at the last great day thou shalt
 Before Him thy knee bow !

Behold the Lamb of God—all ye,
 Who hope, by works, to gain
 A blissful rest of joy above !
 Oh ! these you'll prove are vain.

Behold the Lamb of God—all who,
 In errors' chains are led—
 The Lamb of God must be your hope,
 The Lamb of God ! that bled !



